

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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THE SALE OF JOSEPH TO THE ISHMAELITES.

EVERY reader of our paper will know at once what this picture means; for who has not heard the beautiful old Bible story about Joseph and his brethren? In a new manual just published by the Sunday-School Society, called "Early Hebrew Stories," the scene which our picture illustrates is thus described:—

"It came to pass when the rest of the sons were away feeding the flocks, that Jacob became anxious to hear from them. So he called Joseph and said, 'Come, I will send thee to the flocks at Shechem.' And Joseph said, 'I am ready.' And Jacob said, 'Go and see whether it is well with them, and bring me word again.' Now the brothers had driven the flocks to another pasture, and Joseph lost his way, till a man found him wandering in the fields and directed him. When the brothers saw him they said, 'See, this dreamer cometh!' and they planned to get rid of him. 'Come,' they said, 'let us kill him and cast him into a pit; and we will tell father that a wild beast devoured him. Then we shall see what will become of his dreams.' But his brother Reuben, the oldest of

all, said, 'Let us not kill him, but cast him instead into this pit in the desert,'—meaning, when the others were gone, to save him and restore him to his father. So when Joseph came up, they caught him and stripped his fine coat off his back, and cast him into the pit. But behold! as they sat down to dinner, a company of merchants, with camels loaded with spices, came over the desert on their way down to Egypt. And Judah said, 'What use is it to kill our brother? Let us sell him to the merchants instead.' So they pulled Joseph out of the pit, and sold him for a slave for twenty pieces of silver. But Reuben was not by when they did this; and when he returned to the pit, and Joseph was gone, he tore his garments in grief, and cried, 'The child is gone; whither shall I go?' Then the cruel brothers killed a goat, and dipped Joseph's coat in the blood, and brought it to their father, as though they had found it in the field. 'Is it thy son's coat?' they asked. And he said, 'It is my son's coat; a wild beast has torn him in pieces.' And Jacob rent his garments and put on sack-cloth, and mourned many days, and refused to be comforted."

THE BANK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

BY MARY DARTT THOMPSON.



WISH you would write a story about me, Mrs. Thomas," said Edith Ward, as she perched herself on the arm of the chair in which that lady was sitting.

They had been looking over some papers in which were stories Mrs. Thomas had written, and talking about the girls and boys she told about.

"I'm sure I should like to. What have you done that would make a nice story?"

"Oh, I don't know as anything," laughed Edith.

"Maybe, then, something interesting has happened to you," suggested Mrs. Thomas.

"I don't know as anything ever happened to me, only once I had the measles when Alice was sick, and I could n't go to see her; and she could n't come to see me when I got better, for fear she would take them. That would n't make a story, though," and Edith looked as if her chances of appearing as a heroine were discouragingly small.

Mrs. Thomas evidently had dismissed the thought, too; but she stroked Edith's soft dark hair and patted her restless little hands as she chatted with Mrs. Ward and the young ladies, so the time until Edith had to go to bed passed very pleasantly.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas had stopped on the way to the city to spend the night with the Wards and make a brief visit. Mrs. Thomas was never very strong; and as she had been over-exerting herself for a good while in preparations for this trip to the city and doing some other unavoidable work, it was not strange that the next morning she found herself so ill as hardly to be able to move. There seemed to be a pain for every part of her body, and a few to spare; but she was a very resolute person, and so made herself rise and dress.

"I never could bear to be sick here away from home. Sickness makes every one so much trouble," she told her husband, when he suggested her staying in bed.

She went down to breakfast. But pain can conquer the stubbornest will; and before it was time for the train she was obliged to surrender and let Mrs. Ward help her back to her room. "This is a perfect shame," she insisted. "You and the girls are so busy getting ready to go on that excursion, it's too bad for you to have to stop and nurse me!"

Mrs. Ward, who was one of the sweetest and most motherly of ladies, assured her it was a pleasure to do all she could to make her comfortable, and, like the dear saint she was, spent a good part of the day in wringing cloths out of hot mustard-water, and trying to relieve her friend. She sent for a doctor, and carefully followed all his directions; still, in spite of all her efforts, it was some days before Mrs. Thomas could leave her bed.

Her husband had to go on; but how kind the Wards all were! There were two older daughters, young ladies with bright, lovely faces; and two little girls, Alice and Edith; and each in her own way did something kind and thoughtful for the comfort or amusement of the enforced invalid. None of them seemed to have anything they cared to do that would prevent their bringing her lovely things to look at, — pictures, dresses, and books, — whatever was interesting them.

One night after the little girls had stolen softly in and kissed her good-night, and Mrs. Ward had smoothed her pillows, straightened the clothes and tucked them in, and, with a kiss as tender as a sister's or a mother's, left her to go to sleep, she thought over for the hundredth time, "Oh, I can never repay them for all this! They won't take money for it, and beside, if they would, kindness like theirs can't be paid for in that way. I have so many home cares I can never make them any beautiful presents. They will never any of them be sick at my house. I never can repay them, and it's too, too bad!"

"No, it isn't either! It will all go in the bank," said a voice in her ear.

Mrs. Thomas felt no surprise that her thoughts should be answered, and only inquired, "What bank?"

"Why, the Bank of Human Kindness. Don't you know?"

"Seems to me I have heard of something of the kind; but I'm sick, and nothing seems clear to me somehow."

"You remember that young Englishman who was sick and died at your house years ago? You know how you cared for him, and how he said he could never repay you; and he died, so of course he could n't. Well, you were making a deposit in that bank then. You didn't know it, but a year or two before, when he was in New Zealand, he nursed a comrade through a fever. He sat up nights and worked days, and was just like a brother to the poor fellow, and when he was better, helped him home to England. He never got anything for it at the time; but he put a deposit then into the Bank of Human Kindness that was on interest until he drew it out at your house. What you did for him was your deposit, but it paid him. It's just like a bank, you see. What one person puts in goes to pay some debt to some one whom the bank has had dealings with before. You've always been adding dribblets, — nursing students with sore throats and such things; now it's your turn to draw out."

"Well, I don't see any connection between those things you speak of and the Wards."

"You have n't any head for business, and I don't expect you will see. But there is a connection; the Wards are making a deposit now."

"Oh, dear! you don't mean Mr. and Mrs. Ward are going to be sick away among strangers and have to be cared for as that Englishman was and as I have to be? That's dreadful, when they are so good and kind!"

"I didn't say anything of the sort! There are more ways than one to draw out of this bank. There are their children. See here!" and suddenly before Mrs. Thomas's eyes somehow there seemed to be a street, and little Edith was skipping down it. All at once the child was in great danger of some kind; and just as Mrs. Thomas was reaching out her arms in an agony of fright and apprehension to try to save her, some stranger stepped in and placed the child where she was safe.

As she was gazing at her with such a sense of relief, everything changed. She was first in one place and then in another. Everything was hazy and strange; only amid it all she could always see the innocent eyes and sweet little face of Edith, who seemed to be first in one kind of trouble and then in another. Once she was very sick; and as Mrs. Thomas was about to do something for her relief, a face she had never seen came between them and did for the child all that could be done.

Once Edith was tempted to do some very unwise

thing. Mrs. Thomas was in distress to warn her of the pain it would bring her, when new faces came around her, and by gentle words changed the child's wishes so the danger was avoided. She was always helped, and it was always by some one wearing a new face.

"You see," said the voice, "she is young now, and so are the others; but if they live they will have plenty of chances to draw on the bank. And I don't need to tell you that what's done for them is as good as done for their parents."

"Well, I'm glad for my sake and all our sakes there is such a bank; still, I should like to pay my debts of kindness, as well as of money, to the very persons I owe."

"Yes, that's very selfish and natural; but it's better for the world you should pay them to some one you are not half so much interested in. You will get interested in that way, and so widen your circle of influence. The same is true of those who help your friends. I assure you it's better for the world, — makes people more like one family; and that's the way our Father in heaven wants them to be."

Mrs. Thomas gave an audible sigh.

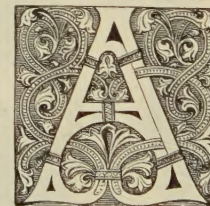
"Do you want anything?" a soft voice from the doorway was saying.

"No, thanks. I do believe I've been asleep!"

The next morning when Edith came for a kiss, Mrs. Thomas thought, "Ah! my dainty little maiden, if I could only remember all I dreamed about you last night, you could appear in a dozen thrilling stories. I'm so glad the dangers were only dreamed of. God grant if any of them should ever be real, to you or any of yours, the Bank of Human Kindness may never fail you; and I'm sure it will not!"

BERTRAM'S LILY.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.



SULTRY morning in mid-summer found a barefoot boy cutting flags on the brink of a river in Germany. The air was still, but for the drowsy hum of insects and now and then the chirp of some bird.

It was too warm for singing. The leaves scarcely stirred, the river hardly rippled. Everything seemed asleep in the sunshine, except the boy, who worked on steadily and alone till high noon. Then he sat down to eat the slice of brown bread and cheese that served him for a dinner. He was very weary, very warm; and after his frugal meal lay down on the grass for a few moments' rest. Presently he was fast asleep.

Half an hour or more had passed, when the boy awoke, refreshed, and roused himself to resume his work.

But what caught his eye, waking a new thought and hope? A white lily, nestling amid the green flags.

"A water-lily!" he exclaimed; and rolling up his trousers, he waded into the stream and grasped the prize. How lovely it was, in the white robes and golden crown of royalty! How delicate the fragrance of its pure cup!

As he lifted it gently, and drew out the long, trailing stem, imbedded in mud and slime, the thought came to him, "This beauty is lowly-born."

When he went home at nightfall he gave the lily to his mother, and told her what was in his

mind while his hands were busy. This lad, poor and obscure, the son of a village blacksmith, accustomed to daily toil and the simplest fare, had been born with an intense love of beauty, a quick eye, a delicate touch; and the secret longing of his soul was to paint, — to shadow forth on canvas the beautiful things he saw. That he ever should do this seemed a far-off, lovely dream, at times a tantalizing one, because so distant and improbable.

But he could not shake it off, though he busied himself faithfully in whatever work was given him, whether helping his father at the forge, bringing wood and water for his mother, or cutting flags by the river-side.

The beautiful river! It sang to him, day by day, a song wondrously sweet, as it rolled along its shining way. The wayside flowers, the birds singing amid the green branches, or winging their flight in the blue expanse around and above, the distant, cloud-crowned hills, the dark forests, the glad sunlight, and the dread tempest, — all seemed to bear him messages, to give him hope and cheer, to have a voice that roused and stimulated a power within him. Would it ever find expression? Should he shoe horses and feed the fires of his father's forge all his days, while the fires in his spirit burned on, unseen, shut in, tormenting him with their fruitless uprising; or would the day come that the silent canvas should glow and shine beneath his hand, with a beauty not its own, — a beauty born of soul, nurtured and grown by all lovely sights and sounds?

To none but his mother did the lad intimate any thought or hope like this. He believed his father and all others would scout or pity his foolish fancies, as they would doubtless seem, — perhaps as they were. But to his mother he could tell it all; just as when a little child he had come to her in every joy and pain, every hope and fear; sure of her loving sympathy, whether the thing so near his heart were possible, or only the wildest dream. She did listen, and she listened hopefully. She resolved that he should at least try to draw the lily. Then, if he succeeded, she would see what might next be done.

She bought for him some crayons and a sheet of coarse paper. With careful hand he drew a sketch of the river, the flags, and the white lily nestling in its green bed. He brought it to his mother, and she answered, after the fashion of mothers, with a kiss.

Long after he was in bed the father and mother sat by the fire talking. The blacksmith admired his boy's work, but shook his head.

"I'm only half glad of it," he said. "I'm afraid it will spoil him for the smithy; and how, I'd like to know, is he to get the training with pencil and brush — eh, good mother? Ah! it's pity, pity! I'd not cross the lad if I had the power to put him in the way of his likings; but daily bread's a good thing, a very good thing, and he's far surer of it to stick by the forge, like his father before him, than be running after new notions."

The mother sighed. "Bertram never will take kindly to blacksmithing, I'm thinking. You know he's always been, from the time he was a wee, toddling baby, you might say, drawing all manner of things, with every bit of chalk or pencil he could pick up. His heart's in it, though he shoes a horse well."

"I'd not cross him if I could help it, as I said," the father answered. "If I could see any chance for him, I'd let him try it."

"You would?"

"Ay, surely. And I mind me now," the father

added, after some minutes' thought, "of a painter in the city, for whom I did a good turn or two in my younger days, — a man whose heart is as kind as his hand is skilful. His eye is keen, too, and it would be no harm to show him the drawing. He might tell the lad whether or no he could be an artist. Bertram may go to-morrow, if you like, and try. But it's a long walk for the lad, and most like nothing to come of it."

But the mother's heart caught the straws of hope. Her face, careworn as it was, grew radiant with pleasure. And her boy, waked at dawn by her loving kiss, was soon on his way.

How fresh and fair the world seemed to him in the rosy light of morning and hope! The very birds twittered from bush and tree, "Never give up! never give up!"

The river, shining like burnished silver, rippled along in sweet, low music, cheering him on, symbolizing a possible life that should thus flow, calm and bright, and full of beauty; and the boy's heart bounded as he passed the spot where he drew out the lily from the flags.

He found the artist, who received him kindly, and willingly examined his sketch. He saw in it proof of genuine talent, and assured him of this, and also told him frankly of the toil and difficulty in the way. But the young heart was brave, and full of enthusiasm. Patience and fidelity had been learned at the blacksmith's anvil. And as years passed, Bertram's courage and hope never failed him; his purpose never wavered. It would be too long a story to tell how, step by step, he obtained the requisite instruction and practice, and won a place among the first painters of his day. But at an art exhibition in Munich was displayed a superb painting, called "The Dawn of Hope," — a summer sky, a river, grass and flags and lily-pads, and, on the shore, a boy barefoot and poorly clad, holding in his hand a white lily.

And one said to another, as an admiring crowd gathered before it, "That picture is by the celebrated artist, Bertram Krausse."

History and Biography.

MAZZINI.

BY KATHERINE HAGAR.



JOSEPH MAZZINI'S childhood was a sad one, for sickness was always sad, and a sickly child grieves us as a sick animal does. Their utter helplessness adds to our compassion.

This fragile child could not walk until he was six years old. The first incident we read of his boyhood shows us that his suffering had only softened and sweetened his nature, for his mother describes an interview with an old beggar, calling it with truth "a symbolical anecdote."

The little boy was so overcome with emotion at the sight of the ragged clothing and long white beard of the old man, as he sat patiently on the steps of a church, that he threw his arms around his neck, crying out: "Give him something, mother, give him something!" The venerable old man was much affected by his caresses, and he said to the mother, "Love him well, lady; he is one who will love his people."

Mazzini's first aspiration for a nobler future for Italy was aroused by the execution in Genoa of two revolutionists; and a little later, hoping to aid

his country, he joined a secret association, called the Carbonari, but was surprised and troubled to find that after passing through some mummeries of initiation, which only amused instead of terrifying him as was expected, he had taken an oath of obedience which implied "war to the government."

Soon after the French Revolution of June, 1830, he was intrusted with some trifling mission by the chiefs of the Carbonari, was betrayed, and was imprisoned with so little reason that the governor of Genoa informed his father, when he desired to know of what crime he was accused, that "his son was fond of solitary walks by night, and was habitually silent on the subject of his meditations; and the government was not fond of young men of talent, the subject of whose musings was unknown to it." This imprisonment lasted six months. He comforted himself at first by the view of the sea from the little grated window of the room he occupied at the top of the fortress, and by petting a tame goldfinch; for his fondness for all dumb animals, especially birds, was remarkable. After a month's imprisonment, he succeeded in obtaining a Bible and two or three other books.

His mother communicated with him by putting slips of paper in his bread. After six months' imprisonment, he was banished and went to France; but with the love of country that has distinguished so many noble exiles, he felt that life away from Italy was only a "lingering, bitter, agonizing death."

He founded while he was at Marseilles the association of "Young Italy," whose avowed object was to unite the dismembered country into one free, independent Republican nation, and he consecrated his life to this work. He published a journal bearing the same name, copies of which were secretly circulated throughout the whole Peninsula. In this paper he preached insurrection against foreign rule, and the effect was wonderful.

We can only mention his subsequent expulsion from Switzerland and residence in England, his literary work there, and the school which he supplied with funds and aided by personal instruction for the Italian boys who wandered about the streets playing the organ; several hundred of these poor outcasts were thus aided. Notwithstanding the failure of all the revolutions and insurrections in which Mazzini took part, always struggling for the freedom and independence of his native country, he has been called "the prophet of Italian unity." He died at Pisa, in March, 1872. His actions as well as his words show that he realized the truth of his own words: "Life is a mission. Every other definition of life is false, and leads all who adopt it astray."

A LITTLE girl was playing with her doll in a room where her mother was busily engaged in some literary work.

When she had finished her writing, she said, "You can come now, Alice; I have done all I want to do this morning." The child ran to her mother, exclaiming, "I am so glad, for I wanted to love you so much!" "But I thought you were very happy with dolly." "Yes, mother, I was, but I soon get tired of loving her, for she cannot love me back." "And is that why you love me, — because I can love you back?" "That is one why, but not the first or best why." "What is the first and best why?" "Because you loved me when I was too little to love you back."

Mother's eyes filled with tears as she whispered, "We love Him because He first loved us."

Our Letter-Box.

For Youngest Readers.

Will the readers of the Letter-Box please notice particularly the diamond word puzzle given below? We should like to get from them some account of the great reformer referred to in it. Who will be the first to send us one?

DIAMOND WORD PUZZLE.

1. A consonant.
2. What all boys are longing to be.
3. Something dug out of the earth.
4. One of the four evangelists.
5. One of the minor prophets.
6. Three letters: The first, the initial letter of the name of a famous leader of the Reformation; the second, the initial letter of the town in which he was born; the third, the first letter of the name of another reformer, who was at one time a friend of the first referred to.
7. A letter not found in most of the modern languages of Europe, but occurring in the English alphabet.

ENIGMA IV.

I am composed of 17 letters.
 My 16, 17, 4, 6, is a heavy metal.
 My 14, 1, 4, 16, is to cure.
 My 5, 7, 13, 10, 9, 4, 13, is to retire.
 My 3, 11, 15, 5, is to catch fish in.
 My 8, 7, 1, 10, is to turn aside.
 My 2, 4, 3, is a bird.
 My 12, 3, 17, 9, 2, is a light woollen cloth.
 My whole I think is the greatest man in the United States.
 NATTIE H. LITCHFIELD, age 11.
 BOSTON.

ANAGRAM.

These letters, rightly placed, spell one of the ten commandments.

RBMEEMRE ETH AHBSBA AYD OT
 EPKE TI YHLO.

WILLIAM N. SEAVER, 8 years old.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 4.

ENIGMA III.

"Seek good and not evil, that ye may live: and so the Lord, the God of hosts, shall be with you."
 — Amos v. 14.

CROSS AND SQUARE.

A B R A H A M

B B A

I S G

G L E A N E D

A L A

I O L

L E A M I B A

SOME PUZZLES.

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. D-air-y. | 5. T-rave-l. |
| 2. T-her-e. | 6. S-tan-d. |
| 3. S-ham-e. | 7. C-lover. |
| 4. M-one-y. | 8. P-ro-b-e. |

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

21. They were both shepherds and farmers. (Genesis iv. 2.)
22. See Job i. 3, and I. Samuel xxv. 2.
23. Harrows (Job xxxix. 10); ploughs (Job i. 14); the mattock, a tool that answered for hoe, spade, and pick; threshing sledges (Isaiah xli. 15); sickles (Joel iii. 13); and the fan (Isaiah xxx. 24).
24. Wheat, rye (Exodus ix. 32), barley (Ruth iii. 2), and other cereals; the vine, fruit and fig trees (Nehemiah ix. 25).
25. The shepherds lived in tents (Genesis iv. 20); those who tilled the soil, in houses (Genesis xxxiii. 17).

DOT AND DAY AT THE FARM.

BY LUCY WHELOCK.



OT and Day and mamma and the baby had come to spend a few weeks at the farm. Dot was six years old, "half-past six," he said, and he had been in the country before, and knew all about it; but Day was such a little tot she could not remember anything.

There were some little calves in a yard just over the wall from the road, and one day the children were allowed to go over into this yard to see the little "bossies" fed.

"Be sure and don't go near the water," mamma called after them.

The water in this little yard came through a wooden spout into a tin pan with something which "looked like *real gold* on the bottom," Dot said.

Day wanted to hold her hands under the spout to feel the water trickling on them; but Dot led her sternly away to the other side of the yard, where Sam was pouring the milk for the calves' supper into a wooden trough. It was fun to see them crowd up together, each one trying to put his nose in first, and get the most supper.

At last there was nothing left but a few drops of milk here and there in the trough; and Dot thought he would go back to the pan of water again to see if it was "truly gold" on the bottom.

Day found him there, scraping it with his finger-nails.

"O Dot, what a naughty boy!" she said, "when mamma told you not to play in the water."

"See here, Day," said Dot, looking around to see if Sam had gone. "I want to tell you something *real nice*. There's a real gold-mine here! Don't you see it shining? Of course mamma'll be glad to see us coming home with big lumps of gold. Maybe we'll find a gold 'nugget,' like Uncle Dick's. Don't you 'member he found it in a gold-mine?"

"O Dot, but it don't grow in water!" said the little girl, wisely.

"You don't 'member, Day, 'cause you're so little; but Uncle Dick said they wash and wash it in a stream. I s'pose that's why the water's here. If you'll keep real still, the very first lump I find I'll give to you; and maybe you can help about the washing."

"Course. Don't girls always wash? A boy could n't do that."

Dot kept up a vigorous scraping on the bottom of the pan; but it produced no result except ten very stained finger-nails, and a pair of very wet jacket sleeves.

"Now it's my turn," said his sister, eagerly; "let me try."

"Oh no; *girls* could n't be gold-miners. I know — Uncle Dick said they had a *pitch-axe* to dig with. I wish I had one. You see the gold's under. The shiny is only to tell where it is. Let's go in the barn and find a thing to dig with."

The big barn-door stood open, and the children walked in.

"How does it look?" asked Day, as they walked over the big threshold.

"I've most forgotten 'xactly, but you'll know it when you see it," said Dot, hopefully.

A hay-cart was standing in the barn, and some tools were placed against the wall.

"Is this a *pix-axe*?" asked Day, pointing to a big pitchfork.

"A *pitch-axe*, you mean," said Dot. "Yes, that's it, sure enough. Of course *you* would n't know it, you're so little."

"Well, I'm most five, anyway," the child answered proudly.

"I say, Day, it's real heavy," said Dot, who had been trying to lift the pitchfork. "You can take the handle, and I'll take the points, and I guess we can carry it."

Nobody in the house was watching, and the two little creatures returned to their work in triumph.

The pitchfork was so big that Dot could hardly hold it up alone. So he put his hands on it as high up as he could reach, and Day took hold lower down.

"Now, Day," said the older child, "be all ready; and when I say *three*, you push down as hard as you can on the bottom of the pan; that'll make a kind of door to the mine."

Dot counted slowly; and at *three*, both children made a desperate thrust at the pan. The pitchfork went down, and the children too; but the pan went up, and the water flew all over the little heap of children and pitchfork on the ground.

Little Day was so surprised she could not think of anything to do but to cry, and Dot helped her. They sent up so loud a wail that everybody came rushing out of the house in great fright to see what was the matter.

"Here they are," said Maria, the farmer's girl, "taking a bath under the water-spout."

They looked so funny when they got up, dripping with water, and covered with bits of straw, sticks, and dirt, that everybody laughed except mamma, who said: "I thought I told you never to play in the water; I am surprised that two such big children can't remember."

"Well, mamma, you — you see," said Dot, sobbing, "there's a gold-mine down there; and we thought you'd like some gold — to make watches and things."

"Gold?" said mamma. "What made you think of gold?"

"I — I saw it — shining in the water."

"He means the rust on the pan," said Maria, laughing behind her apron.



Charity.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

THE WILD-FLOWERS OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

WE were climbing up the old Crawford bridle-path through the thick woods, when whom should we meet but our old friend, Miss Anemone. It was a great surprise to see the little lady. We had bidden good-by to her two months before in Massachusetts' lowlands; but here she was again, looking as delicate and demure as ever in her green cloak and white bonnet tipped with pink.

Another old friend was not far behind, — the false Solomon's seal, with its glossy green leaves and sweetly scented spike of white blossoms. Yet here it was nearly August, and these early spring visitors of our own home were still lingering.

After we left the line of trees behind us, I noticed great patches of the mountain daisy among the rocks. It is a sweet little flower, with a golden heart and white fringed rays, always dancing, dancing in the stiff mountain breeze.

It reminded me of an enlarged chickweed blossom; and it was very pleasant to turn from the wall of fog on either side and find this dainty child of Nature springing up at our feet.

Another little flower gained our special admiration. It was the mountain cranberry. It was shaped like a blueberry blossom, — just a tiny bell, only of the most exquisite rose-color, deepening into vivid carmine at the edges. It crept close to the ground, its dainty blossoms peeping up from the mat of reddish-brown leaves.

As we sat down to rest, overlooking the pathetic and lonely little Lake of the Clouds, I noticed quite an army of hardy shrubs with glossy, laurel-like leaves near by. These shrubs were dotted with clusters of woolly white blossoms, resembling the azalia. Indeed, I could not help calling it the poor cousin of that more petted shrub that is the pride of our greenhouses. It was a cheery, brave little thing, growing where nothing else would, and had a pert, resolute air that was really inspiring to the tired pedestrians.

But it was in Tuckerman's Ravine that we found the most beautiful flowers. There were shy violets in the little sheltered nooks, and dainty bits of maiden-hair fern. It was a glorious day, radiant with sunshine. I shall never forget one immense bed of mountain buttercups that we found nodding and dancing by the Stream of a Thousand Cascades. How they frolicked about in almost laughing glee! In another place the bank was blue with a flower whose name I do not know, and no sky could be deeper or more divinely blue than that little Alpine dweller of the lonely heights.

It seems as if Nature had made amends to the stern, barren mountain by clothing it with the rarest and sweetest flowers, that bloom only for God to see.

THE DISCONTENTED TREE.

From the German, for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

A LITTLE tree stood in the midst of a forest. Instead of leaves it was covered with fine, sharp needles, which pricked the fingers if one sought to gather them. One day the little tree said, in a complaining way, "All of my comrades have beautiful leaves, and I have only needles. No

one comes near me; all pass me by. If I could have my wish, I would have leaves of pure gold." When night came, the little tree slept. On awaking early in the morning, behold, it was clad in leaves of shining gold! Ah, what a splendid appearance it made! How it glistened in the sun! Then the little tree said, "Now I am proud. No other tree in the wood has golden leaves." But as evening drew nigh, an old Jew, with a long beard, came walking through the wood, carrying a heavy sack on his shoulders. When he saw the tree, with its brilliant, glittering foliage, he quickly plucked the golden leaves, one by one, thrust them into his sack, and hastened away, leaving the tree empty and shorn. Then the poor little tree was overcome with grief and vexation. "The golden leaves have only been a trouble to me. How ashamed I shall be before the other trees! If I could only have another wish, I would wish for leaves of pure glass." The little tree slept again; and again, on waking, behold, another surprise! All the branches were filled with lovely glass leaves! How they danced in the sunbeams! "Ah," said the little tree, "now I am happy! No tree in the wood glitters as I do." But soon there arose a great storm, with a mighty wind which came rushing through the forest; and when it had passed, there lay the glass leaves, shattered and broken, upon the grass. Then the little tree said sorrowfully, "See now, there lie my beautiful glass leaves in the dust, and the other trees with their green leaves stand unharmed! If I still could wish, I would have green leaves." Again the tree slept, and in the morning it was clothed in green. Then the little tree laughed aloud and said, "Now I have leaves like the others, and have no cause for shame." There came along just then an old goat, looking for food for her young. She saw the little tree, and in a twinkling stripped it of all its leaves. Once more the poor little tree stood forlorn, with its empty branches, and said, "I will wish for no more leaves, neither green, yellow, nor red. If I had only my needles back, I would not complain." Sorrowfully the little tree went to sleep, and sorrowfully it waked. Then it saw itself in the bright sunshine, and laughed and laughed, and all the trees laughed with it; for in one night it had received again all its needles. Now at last it was content, and indulged no longer in foolish wishes.

JACK.

BY MRS. ANNIE E. FAXON.

"Now, boys, I have a new friend for you, but you must not touch him, for he is only six months old, and timid, too," said Farmer Eben, as he was called in the highland farms of Canada, to two New England cousins who had the good fortune to pass July and August among the hills and broad valleys of the Eastern Townships, where there were sheep, young steers, beautiful colts, and other domestic animals.

The lively collie skipped about, and it was not easy to think that they must look and not touch.

The next day their uncle went to Magog; and the boys were left with the big turkey gobbler, the tiny new turkeys, and the dog.

A few days before, Walter, the elder, had found a nice chain while hunting around the loft, and his hands had ached to tie the chain to something.

"We can lead Jack around," said he, taking out the chain.

"Yes, and that will not do any harm," added

George; so they caught the dog, and soon by perseverance had the chain fastened to his collar, but it rattled and jingled so, he gave one leap, crying in fear, and trembling, and before they could think, he had bounded off through the barn-yard, to the woods.

"Oh my!" said Walter, "catch him, catch him, George!"

George could only stand still.

"Why don't you do something? Come, let's hunt him out," said Walter. And thus, when supper-time came, we missed Jack and the boys.

The sun had touched Owl's Head before the boys came back, and then alone. "O mamma, we've lost Jack; what shall we do?" came sadly to our ears.

It was with sorrow that we heard their story, because the collie was being taught to keep the cattle together when the farmers went to salt them, and we knew how particular Brother Eben was about him.

It was dark when uncle's wheels turned into the yard, and for once no little nephews were waiting to help him.

The jolly wood fire was burning in extra brightness before the lads came to the sitting-room and whispered, "Tell him, mamma."

"No," we whispered, "tell him yourselves;" and again the boys disappeared. They knew we were as persevering as they, for later they came in slowly, and, "O Uncle Eben, we were not touching Jack, and he has gone off with your chain," said they.

Uncle seemed to realize all at once what had happened, for he said, "I'm very sorry." That was all he said, but the boys knew how he felt, and for once the bed-time hour was a quiet one.

We felt so sorry for our lads that we had a talk about school and things apart from farm life, so they were asleep quietly by nine o'clock.

The next morning breakfast was quiet, for the children felt as if they had made a poor return for kindness in losing the beautiful dog; and where was his breakfast too?

Just as the sun was creeping over the back kitchen floor, we heard a noise, and Jack came bounding across the yard, but with no chain. We had heard him coming, and called "Jack" from our window, and there was rejoicing over the lost dog.

The boys did no particularly bad mischief after that, and they remembered that although it is well to think before one does anything, it is safe to let a thought and an action go together.

UNDER the influence of great fear the most timid creatures have sometimes fled to men for security.

We have heard of a dove flying into a lady's bosom to escape from a hawk, and even of a hare running to a man for shelter. The confidence of the feeble secures the guardianship of the strong. He would be brutal indeed, who would refuse protection to such simple reliance. Surely, if in our need we fly into the bosom of our God, we may be sure that love and majesty will unitedly smile upon us. There can be no question of that man's security who challenges by his faith the protection of the God of love. "He has trusted me, and I will not fail him," has been the resolve of many an honorable man; how much more will it be the determination of the Lord!

A MAN knows his companions in a long journey and in a small inn.

THE best thing in the world is to live above it.

"Little Hands have Work to do."

A LITTLE FOLKS' SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONG.

Words by KATIE B. WICHMANN.

Music composed for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY by R. H. CLOUSTON, Jr.

SOLO.

1. Bir-die, sing-ing in a tree, Trill'd a joy-ous mel-o-dy; Chirp-ing gay and mer-ri-ly, Bir-die sang this song to me:

Repeat for Chorus.

"Lit-tle hands have work to do, In the world so bus-y, too!" Hopping off in roguish glee, Bir-die sang this song to me.

2. Birdie's singing made me see
How much work there is for me;
There is something ev'ry day,—
First of all, I must obey;
Then I know that I shall be
Happy as the birdies wee.
Play with work will not agree,
Birdie's singing said to me.

CHORUS.— Little hands, etc.

3. Ev'ry creature, howe'er small,
There is use for each and all.
Little sands compose the earth,
Little deeds have much of worth!
Birdie's song I then will heed,
And will try by word and deed
To be good and useful too,
Doing all I ought to do.

CHORUS.— Little hands, etc.

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OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONG.

WE are happy to give our younger readers a new and very pretty song, composed expressly for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. Mr. Clouston is much interested in the singing of the Sunday-school, especially of the younger pupils, and cheerfully gives his time to the training of a Sunday-school choir in the Channing School at Newton. In the new Sunday-School Service-Book and Hymnal some of his pleasing compositions will be found in the Services and among the Hymns for Infant Classes. His new song, given on this page, will, we are sure, be liked wherever the little folks may sing it, whether in Sunday-school or at home.

A WONDERFUL TUNNEL.

BY A. K.

WE Americans know that "a man's a man for a' that," and do not think it surprising when we read that Prince Alexander Torlonia was not of a noble family. His father was a small shop-keeper in early life, but afterwards became a great banker; and his son inherited his faculty for money-making, if that expression can be used in speaking of a "Prince of Civitella Cesi, Musignano, Canino, and Farnese, Marquis of Roma-Vecchia and Torriba." However, the use he made of part of his great wealth, and his satisfac-

tion in accomplishing a wonderful triumph of engineering skill for the good of his nation, show a true philanthropic spirit.

This tunnel, from Lake Lucino, the largest lake in Southern and Central Italy, through a mountain to the river Lysis, was planned hundreds of years ago.

Just nineteen hundred years before the birth of this energetic Prince Alexander Torlonia, Julius Cæsar, whom Shakespeare calls "the foremost man of all this world," was born. This great general, statesman, orator, and writer was occupied with wars from Great Britain to Egypt, and with the government of a restless and turbulent people; but he foresaw the benefit it would be to Rome to drain this Lake Lucino, which has no outlet, so that the land could be made productive and grain could be raised, and by this means the inhabitants of the city would be supplied with food, and the terrible famines that sometimes afflicted them would be prevented. We all know of his assassination, and of his last words of reproach to his trusted friend, "Et tu, Brute?" His death put a stop to all plans until, one hundred years later, the Emperor Claudius commenced it in earnest. It is sad to think that so long ago the principal cause of the failure of his work was the meanness and trickery of the sub-contractors.

The Romans employed men instead of animals

in the coarse and laborious work of turning the capstan. If our sub-contractors do cheat us now, as then, we do not turn human beings into mere beasts of burden, as the cruel Romans did.

The Emperor Claudius had a grand celebration when he supposed the tunnel was ready for use; but he was disappointed. The water did not run as he expected, and soon the tunnel was filled up.

After this failure the Emperors Trajan and Hadrian and several sovereigns of Naples revived the work; but all failed until Prince Torlonia devoted his wealth and energy to the great purpose of redeeming the land. The tunnel was completed in 1876, after twenty-two years of labor, employing the finest engineering talent of Europe. It is 6,877 yards long, and 37,050 acres of land were reclaimed.

The good prince was justly proud of his work, and had a beautiful book published in French and English recounting the difficulties and final success of his task, and showing the wonderful skill of the engineers of the present time compared with those of the reign of the Emperor Claudius.

Prince Torlonia was a benefactor, for he devoted a large part of his vast fortune to the benefit of his nation; and by his energy and perseverance he accomplished a work that had baffled the most powerful emperors for many centuries.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

Why are Sunday-school books so often spoken of with contempt?

This question refers, we suppose, to Sunday-school library books. Our answer is that too many books of this kind have been written that are utterly devoid of probability, naturalness, or simplicity. Their heroes or heroines have not been truly good people, but only "goody-goody." The books have abounded in cant; and, in Shakespeare's pregnant words, "have made of sweet religion a rhapsody of words." Fortunately for the children of to-day such books are giving place to healthy stories, interesting biographies, and charming volumes of science or travels.

Why not call the Sunday-school the "Children's Church"?

Because it is not a church at all. Least of all is it a substitute for the church, with its worship and preaching service. The "Church School" would be a good name for it if it were worth while to change its present name.

Is there a printed scheme of graded studies for a Sunday-school?

Yes. The Sunday-School Society has just issued such a pamphlet. See the notice of it in another column on this page.

What is teaching?

A good definition is: Arousing and using the pupil's mind to form in it the desired conception or thought.

What did Mr. Gannett mean by asking Sunday-school teachers if they thought it was fun to teach?

We are not in Mr. Gannett's confidence, so far as to presume to define every word he may use. But in the instance referred to he seems to have meant only: Do you have a real good time in your work as Sunday-school teachers? Is it, in spite of self-denial, in spite of discouragements, on the whole, something that you rejoice to do, as a painter delights to paint or a singer to sing?

Can ethics really be taught?

Yes. Only do not stop with stating to your pupils the laws of conduct. Go beyond all such statements, and make a personal appeal to the noblest sentiments in your pupils' minds, to their holiest aspirations, their better hopes, their deeper longings, and try to build up these sentiments if you find them lacking.

Our Book Table.

CLASS B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

KEYHOLE COUNTRY. By Gertrude Jerdon. Roberts Bros. Price, \$1.00.

This little book is somewhat in the vein of "Alice in Wonderland," though to our mind even more delightfully quaint than that favorite child classic. In truth, "Keyhole Country" is a most delicate satire, veiled under the guise of an unusually fresh and charming child story. Grown people will especially appreciate it; while to children who are familiar with the old songs it will prove a never-failing delight, always provided that they are not destitute of humor.

K. L. B.

THE LAST OF THE PETERKINS. By Lucretia P. Hale. Roberts Bros. Price, \$1.25.

We made the acquaintance of this unaccountable family years ago in the pages of "Our Young

Folks." Absurd and thoroughly irresponsible as the dear people are, their doings after all only illustrate some general phases of human nature. Even the wisest of us are thoroughly foolish on some points. We stray into muddles, where we flounder hopelessly about until some long-suffering "Lady from Philadelphia" rescues us. We half believe the author of "Peterkin Papers" a satirist, though of the gentlest kind. So we don't get ruffled, but laugh blithely over the comicalities of that most remarkable family (remarkable in everything save common sense), and cry, "Long life to the Peterkins, one and all."

K. L. B.

WHAT KATY DID NEXT. By Susan Coolidge. Illustrated by Jessie McDermott. Boston: Roberts Bros. pp. 323. Price, \$1.50.

The well-known writer of this book, who has so happily told us "What Katy Did" and "What Katy Did at School," gives in this volume the account of the journey which Katy took to Europe. She describes the ocean voyage, a short visit in London, then a trip across the channel to Dieppe, Marseilles, Nice, thence to Rome, where they saw the carnival, then to Venice, and home again by the way of Genoa. The story is well sustained, and holds its interest to the end. Katy's unselfish love for others brings its full reward.

L. S.

CLASS C.

Books for Teachers and Adult Classes.

ANCIENT CITIES, FROM THE DAWN TO THE DAYLIGHT. By William Burnet Wright. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. Price, \$1.25. pp. 291.

This book is a series of sketches of many of the great cities of ancient times. It tells us of a city that had a public library 5,000 years before Christ; it pictures Athens to us as it was in the time of Socrates; while Rome, Tyre, Susa, Babylon, and many other cities are portrayed in a very scholarly and interesting way.

H. P.

TWO IMPORTANT BOOKS.

THE Unitarian Sunday-School Society has just issued two valuable and useful publications. The first of these is a book for every one, in the home or the Sunday-school. It is Mrs. Winsor's "Ready Reference-Book to the Four Gospels." In convenient form, containing only about forty printed pages, this little volume is just what every reader or student of the New Testament needs to have always at hand. Let me illustrate its usefulness. Suppose you are thinking about the parables of Jesus: you know neither how many of these parables there are, nor their titles, nor where to look for them, nor whether they are found in one, two, three, or all four of the Gospels. Open now this "Reference-Book," and all this information is given you almost at a glance. You learn, perhaps for the first time, that while the Parable of the Sower is given in Matthew, Mark, and Luke, the Parable of the Good Samaritan is found only in Luke; and in each case the chapter and verse are plainly put before you. Or, suppose in your reading you have come across such names as "Archelaus" and "Caesarea Philippi;" you associate these words with the gospel history. Here, therefore, under the heading "Persons and Places," you will find each of these names, with exact references to the places in the Gospels where they are mentioned. Or it may be some topic or event in the gospel history that you want to know about. Here is an index to all the important topics and events in the four Gospels. Or, finally, some familiar quotation may come into your mind; you remember it in part, but are not quite sure you can quote it exactly. Here the quotation is given in the precise language of the Gospels, with

references to chapter and verse, and with the catch-word printed in large type to aid you in the search. Is it not clear that a book of this sort will be a help and a convenience to every one, old or young, parent or child, teacher or pupil, who wishes to know with accuracy the facts and teachings of the four Gospels? Its low price, 25 cents, puts it within the reach of all.

Our second new publication is for superintendents and teachers. It is entitled "A Plan of Graded Study for Sunday-Schools." Written originally for the use of the teachers of his own Sunday-school, by Rev. E. A. Horton, pastor of the Second Church, Boston, it is now printed in a neat and convenient form for the use of teachers generally. Five grades are marked out. Each grade has a general subject-title, then a list of topics called "Material for Study," and including, for all but the very youngest pupils, a number of text-books. The idea is simply to group topics and manuals according to the age and capacity of pupils, and then to allow the teacher to choose from these the subject and the book preferred in each case. On the page opposite the list of topics and manuals a list of "Helps" is given. These are books of reference to be consulted, or books that may be used for parallel reading. On each page space is left for the writing of additional topics, manuals, or helps.

This little volume is offered, not as a finality, but as a suggestive beginning in the work of graded study. It is the result of careful sifting and wisely directed thinking. A school, following this or some similar system, would really educate its pupils as they go from one division of studies to another, and so through to the end of the course. Using this guide, the teacher of the child of ten years would take up topic and text-book adapted to the capacity and suited to the expanding powers of the average ten-year-old boy or girl; while the teacher of "young people" of seventeen or eighteen years of age would deal with minds matured, and by their previous studies thoroughly prepared for the advanced work assigned to them.

Copies of this "Plan" will be mailed to any address, on receipt of six cents, by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

1. The new "Christmas Service," compiled by the Secretary, containing two new carols by Mr. Clouston, with a variety of other music, responses, etc., is now ready. Price, 5 cents single copy; 50 copies, \$2.00; 100 copies, \$3.50.

2. Mrs. E. C. Wilson's "New Manual for Younger Classes" will be issued December 15. Its title has been changed to "Every-day Life, with illustrations from the Life of Jesus." It will contain a new map of Palestine and ten beautiful pictures of sacred subjects, with chapters of questions and short stories. An edition will also be printed omitting the pictures.

Address: UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,
25 Beacon Street, Boston.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

Will be published once a fortnight during the Sunday-school year, from September to August, — twenty-three numbers to the yearly volume.

The uniform subscription price of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

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